



WORTH
MORE
BROKEN

Worth More Broken by Crazy-Comet-97

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Summary: The knocking it seemed, had been going on for hours. All he wanted was for it to stop. MPREG (Fic inspired by this gif set on Tumblr from @begitalarcos -

Worth More Broken

(Just a PSA here, I have no idea what TF I'm doing. I am one of the small percent of humans that hasn't gotten around to binge watching all 3 seasons of Stranger Things. Hence, if some of this is wrong, I apologize.)

The knocking it seemed, had been going on for hours. It had been awhile since had heard the same knock, only it was usually on the bedroom window upstairs instead. Seemed he was getting bolder in his efforts to talk to him despite his numerous refusals.

He had to be drunk. That was the only explanation why he was here now. He obviously had a free evening and was obviously totally incapacitated. That had to be it.

He also must have known that his Pop and Susan would be out with Max. He wouldn't be caught dead near the house if his Pop was around, that was certain after...the thing.

The Thing. Pronounced in capital letters.

Cause that's what it was to both of them at first, The Thing.

The Thing started way back last year. It was unexpected, but it still happened. It was true that they had hated eachother at first, in fact, they wanted to beat the shit out of eachother and planned to do so, but eventually the fighting gave away to what really lied under the surface of all that anger. Something taboo and hidden.

They had to keep it on the downlow, meetups after school, secret or whispered conversations held in the locker room during PE or in the toilets during lunch, sneaking and sleeping around. After all, in this decade, you wouldn't be caught dead with another man.

Unfortunately, it didn't happen to end just as complicated as it began.

It was his fault, all his fault. Some of the blame went to his lover, but most went to him.

He should have checked to see if his father was home, should have checked to see if Susan was going to check on Max. He always checked, but this night he didn't and it cost him everything.

His father had always been an angry person, but he'd never seen his father so enraged as he was when he found them, Susan crying behind him as he chased them from his bedroom out onto the front lawn.

While one has gotten away, at his urging, he hadn't. He stayed and let his father beat him senseless till Susan called the cops, but that even then, wasn't the last of his problems.

For another one, a much bigger one, lied beneath his hands in the present time, knocking still loud against the wooden grain of the door, his back somehow forcing itself off the couch, his legs following along with it.

Billy Hargrove answered his front door cautiously, chain still locked over the door. His former enemy and lover, Steve Harrington, was on the other side, looking like he had been beaten up quite hard.

'He must have gotten into a fight.' That was his only thought, while Steve suddenly startled seeing Billy in front of him half hidden by his door, obviously fairly concussed.

"Billy, Billy, I'm sorry, I-"

"Don't." he was not going to cry, he already cried enough. He wasn't going to cry now. "I don't wanna talk to you Steve."

He went to close the door and go sit back down on the couch in front of the TV, back already aching, but Steve's hand halted his progress. "Wait, wait, wait!"

Steve placed himself at the door, closer this time, eyes begging.

"Please, I-I just want you to know that you don't have to do this by yourself?"

Was that...a question? Billy, confused and emotional, turned his head again, voice trembling and quiet as the crickets outside. "What?"

"Billy, baby, please..." Steve begged, despite his bloody and beaten exterior. "We can make this work. I know we can. I have my car, you can pack a bag and we can get away from here. All three of us. No more Hawkins. No more Indiana even, if that's what you want. I can't lose you, both of you. I'll do anything. Please?"

Billy was already in tears and had to turn away from the bloody and broken man, his hands clutching the bump that their little one called home. They were only 17 years old a piece. Inside of him it seemed, was the only true safe place this little one had. If it were born into this world, they wouldn't stand a chance.

His father already hated it, so did Susan. Max didn't, but he never liked her anyway. His father even made certain that once the little one came, adoption would be on the list of things to look at. Without even asking if he cared or not, as usual.

He would be ridiculed, just like now, only more. 17 year olds, especially men, don't just have babies in small towns and get away with it scott free.

Steve...Steve was the only person who understood him and he was offering a new world. A better world. With just them. Without his parents. Without Max, Without Hawkins. Without all the shit that had followed him or what was to come if they stayed here, baby and all.

Sniffling, it didn't take very long for him to turn to his estranged lover, quivering, swallowing hard before he finally talked. "Use the downstairs bathroom to clean yourself up. I'm going upstairs. When I come back down, that car better be running and by dawn, we'd better be out of Roane County all together, you hear?"

The bloody smile and blood smeared kiss on the cheek he got back in reply was worth just as much as the little one's weight in gold.